

## Basketball Season Looks Bright

### Captain Navoni Heads Speedy Combine

This year the Junior College Basketball Team, under the able coaching of Professor Ashcraft, has shown real potential strength. With a few more games tucked under its belt, the team should display a brand of ball playing worthy of an outfit of its calibre.

The team has two veterans from last year's varsity squad: Andy Navoni and Frank Ham, two fast breaking ball hawks, whose playing is the epitome of good basketball. Moving up from the Jayvee squad to this year's varsity team are lanky Don Gorham and speedy Milt Reinhard, both capable ball handlers and fine floor men.

At the center position, the team has a newcomer, Paul Wolfthal, former Central High School star. Paul's height and steady brand of ball add real strength to the squad and make it a formidable opponent for any of the teams on the present Junior College schedule.

The only apparent defect in the present setup is the lack of available substitutes for the varsity. So far the most likely substitutes for the squad are: Bill Fedorko, who with a little more experience should develop into a fine forward; Don Morris, a lanky chap, who seems able to hold his own in the center spot; and Joe Coughlin, who shows promise of becoming a good forward.

The Jayvee team is composed of Frank Verrilli, Alex Demas, Harry Poliner, Dick Adley, and Joe Wetmore, more.

On December 3 the Junior College Team played the Bridgeport Trade School Combine and played a brand of ball rarely seen in an initial contest. It was a heart breaking battle with neither team ever ahead by more than two points. Not until the last quarter were the apprentices able to forge ahead and beat the Junior College. The Trade combine racked up thirteen points in the last quarter to J.C.C.'s four points. The final score was Bridgeport Trade 45, J.C.C. 35.

### JOLLY, JOLLY YULETIDE

Any etymology studies at J.C.C.? Have you ever thought of the word Yuletide as it stands? Do you know that the yule log is among our oldest traditions? The middle English form was "Yal", from an older Anglo-Saxon "Géal", and this was derived from the Norse "Jal" (Christmas Feast) which tells us in a mild sort of a way that it's an ancestor of jolly! Therefore, Yuletide probably always meant "a jolly time". See to it then that along with its Christmas significance you maintain the original Yuletide Spirit

## President Cortright Sends Greetings

One of the satisfying facts of this year at the College is that the student body comes from a wide area. In the early history of the institution more than ninety percent of the students in attendance in day classes came from the city of Bridgeport, and the remainder came from the immediate commuting area. Today we have a student body rather widely dispersed in its origin. If we take the newly registered group in 1940 as being an index, sixty percent now are Bridgeporters, an additional fifteen percent come from the commuting area, and the remaining twenty-five come from far afield in Connecticut and other New England and Middle States. The September class was prepared by the faculties in thirty-seven public and

private secondary schools.

The fact to which I have called attention is one of very great importance to all of the students. To mingle only with people from one's own community and to reckon only with opinions held in common under identical economic and political conditions is to miss values that lie in meeting individuals who have grown up under different conditions and different circumstances. Such mingling removes the danger of provincialism. For this and for other heartening facts all of us have reason to be grateful.

As we separate on Saturday for a wide variety of Holiday experiences, I express the sincere wish that each will have a Merry Christmas vacation.

E. EVERETT CORTRIGHT

## Fremont House Bars Provincialism Who's Who in the Dorms

They live so far away, poor dears! That it's no wonder they always dash into class at the last moment! Here come two now, sprinting across the southwest campus; tall, blonde Irene Ostrosky from Stafford Springs, to fit herself for a librarianship (it should be a pleasure to ask her for a book); Shirley Bagwell from North Woodbury, with ambitions for the life of a laboratory technician (well, Gordon, were you going to say something?). What about Olive Hultberg? All we know is she's from Naugatuck. Hartford sends us Faye Waxman, who'll be a nurse (right now a favorite preoccupation is a bit of an argument with Eileen Matteo), and Florence Fichman, who hopes to qualify as a dental assistant (she has already chosen the office!). From nearby East Hartford comes the very quiet Louise Thomas, who also has aspirations to be a dental assistant (but not in the same office, necessarily, as Florence's). Massachusetts is well represented by Madeline Crowley of Holyoke, and Harriet Johnson of

Petersham, who may be giving each other some competition in the near future (they're both becoming medical assistants). Eileen Matteo, who is to be a doctor, and her Brazilian cousin, Alona Sbrocco, a physical education teacher in the making, bring us greetings from Providence, Rhode Island.—What is all this, anyway? Sounds like a medical convention—but with (Continued on page 4)

## International Relations

### CLUB DELEGATES ATTEND CONFERENCE

On Thursday, December 5, four delegates from the International Relations Club of Junior College attended the International Relations Conference at Brown University, Rhode Island. The aim of this organization is the betterment of international relations. Four round table discussions were held at the Conference, at which were discussed our relations with South America, our far eastern policy, European relations, and America's part in the present War. The conference came to the conclusion that the United States should extend all material aid, including manpower, to England, and in such a manner that there will be no question of indebtedness after the War. This conclusion was based on the belief that England is fighting our war.

One of the speakers at the banquet was Max Lerner, who discussed our part in the War. A tea and dance were also held. The students from Junior College who attended were Norma Leturmy, Esther Caruso, William MacDonell, and Frank Manasevit. They commented most favorably on Rhode Island hospitality.

## Santa Comes to J. C. C.

### Gifts and Good Cheer

As this edition of the Scribe goes to press, plans for a Christmas Party, sponsored by the Social Room Committee, are being completed. The party is to be held from 9 to 12 in the evening of Friday, December 13. It was found necessary to set the hour for the party at the rather late time of nine o'clock because of the evening classes. The chairman of the Social Room Committee, who is in charge of the party, is Edmund Katz. He is being assisted by Catherine Kearney, decorations, and Doris Borup, refreshments. Entertainment, which will include card-playing and dancing, has been planned. The high point of the evening will be the distribution of gifts (one ten-cent gift is the only price of admission) by Santa Claus, who comes to Junior College impersonated by none other than Nancy Sturges. The Christmas Party will provide a grand opportunity for a friendly J.C.C. get-together.

### THE BENEVOLENCE COMMITTEE CONDUCTS CHRISTMAS ASSEMBLY

A peek into the Social Room last Wednesday and Thursday morning revealed the peak of Christmas entertainment with Benevolence towering above all.

Before the actual Yuletide program began Mr. Halsey presided, while Norma Leturmy and William MacDonnell reported on their excursion to the convention in Providence as representatives of the International Relations Club.

After this report, the assembly was conducted by Jack Jensen who announced Virginia de Pledge's reading of "Is There a Santa Claus?"—an editorial from the New York Sun. Amidst the silence and sentiment that reigned, the entire group broke into song with "O! Little Town of Bethlehem"; and Betty Madden, unlike her unusual self, read a sermon entitled "Keeping Christmas," by Henry vanDyke. Then the group again caroled, this time with "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear," which was Mr. Jensen's cue to introduce Jack Wright, who presented the huge goldfish bowl, filled with pennies, to Mr. Charles Tregger, who represented the Bridgeport Community Chest.

The Benevolence Committee, appointed by President Cortright, with Jack Jensen as chairman, consisted of Betty Madden, Finette Rugg, and Jack Wright, who conducted their campaign of assisting the needy this Christmas under the guidance of Mr. Halsey. Jack Wright's mercury went over the top first, with the three teams crowding into close "seconds".

To further promote the Yuletide spirit, the audience was ushered from the social room singing "Silent Night".

### THE LIBRARY SOCIETY BEGINS ITS THIRD YEAR

The Library Society started its program for the year with a tea in the library, which was followed, several weeks later, by a luncheon meeting on November 22. The books bought for the library by the Society this year so far were displayed and reviews of several of them given by Professor Goulding. Election of officers took place. The results were: Fannie Rockefeller, president; Doris Borup, secretary; and Jean Wohlson, treasurer. The next meeting is to be held December 13, and anyone interested in the work of the Library Society, whose aim is to aid and enlarge the school library, will be welcomed.



**Bridgeport, Conn.**

No. 1



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A girls' fencing team is also expected to be formed. Barbara Rodrigues, Delight Merwin, Norma Leturmy, Virginia De Pledge, Fanny Rockefeller, and Irene Good comprise the candidates for the girls' team; on the men's team we have the following foilmen: Bill Grant, Frank Manasevit, and Bill Block. Louis Sebestyen, Bob Dreier, and Bill MacDonald are advancing rapidly with the sabres.



## Gas House

It's a sorry state of affairs when a school has no school spirit. So let's get behind the fine basketball team we have this year and lend them our moral support.

Andy Burger's idea of a horrible night: a girl who doesn't drink, doesn't smoke, and just doesn't.

Bob Dreier emphatically denies that he is the class moron. He says, quote: "I know at least six guys who are dumber than me."

Votre is really mad about that temperamental glamour girl. Oh, the futility of it all!

Lulu claims the real thing is down in Catholic U., but, Lulu, that football Hero seems to have different ideas!

Bill Grant has accepted the position of Father Confessor to the triple K girls. Advises them on all sorts of things.

Harold Reich and Costa Buonona love the night chemistry class. They learn so much. And she's cute, too.

All the world loves a lover. But do Gordon Waring and his babe have to hold hands.

"We Three Are All Alone", sings the heavenly trio Sturgy, Lala, and De Noyelles. Fletcher, you brute!

When Kay Kearney wears high heels, the boys are sure Heaven is something enclosed in a silk stocking.

Things seen but once: Dot Weiss meekly taking a 45-minute lecture on "How to Study" from one of the profs.

Milt Reinhard is tired of going out with kids. He says that from now on they have to be at least seventeen.

Sorry sight: Ed Katz doing the La Conga to the tune of "The Ferryboat Serenade."

The Beer Boys have decided to make Baron's the new J.C.C. Annex, with Frank Johnson installed as Prexy.

The Kappa Kappa girls are planning to make Sadie Hawkins' Day a year-round institution.

The boys are beginning to call Harry Poliner "typhoon". The big blow.

## NOTES ON NOTES, or STARS AND BARS

By Bob Dreier

As you have probably noticed by the title, this is a new column which will be devoted to news and views on both popular and classical music with a slight touch of recordings and a bit of radio gossip.

News is getting around that Bon Bon, the vocalist with Jan Savitt's band, has made a deal with Newt Perry where the party of the first part will take over the baton in the near future. Newt, you know, played at Walnut Beach this last summer and at one of the big Yale dances. By the way, if you're ambitious, drop in at the well-known Barons and listen to that little juke box platter entitled "Seven Beers with the Wrong Woman". It's a killer; and the JCC "Peck's Bad Boys" will verify that. Say, another good recording to listen to, if you get the chance, is the Quintone's version of "My Piggy Bank is Jingling Again". This little disc features a good mess of close harmony with a smooth trumpet solo in one of the choruses.

Now featured at J. C. C.'s popular rondevoos are brand new arrangements of "5 o'clock Whistle", and for Lolly's benefit "Manhattan Transfer". Confidentially, I have been told that there are some new responsive songs which Scotty has personally found. The "Meet Mr. Morgan" program on WOR every night at 6:45 P.M. is attracting more and more attention. If you want to hear the wackiest program, listen in! The emcee plays all sorts of dialect records interspersed with timely comments on the "Funnies" and other little nothings in general. For a good dinner settler, tune in.

Many of you fellas have girls who love to sing. Well, do you want to cure them of the habit? Take them down to the Pink Elephant where Jay Johnson is heard nightly. In a subtle manner get her to sing before the crowd; if the fright doesn't cure her, send her to the editorial staff. For you

fellows and girls who drink the midnight oil instead of burning it, WOV and WMCA 1180, 570 Kc. have swell record programs nightly and WOV, we hear, is using some live talent instead of canned music.

What happened to that movement which would have Fred Waring compose a new school song? And when is Bill Block going to wax the J.C.C. ensemble?

Did you know that Irving Berlin, the great contemporary of modern music, can play only in the key of C? But look at the results!

Flash! The Jack Wright has been seen pulling his hair out over Charlie Barnett's "I Don't Want to Cry Anymore."

Wasn't the Bach Choral Symphony something? The Klein Memorial was half empty at the intermission. The Fairfield singers have regular meetings, we're told, but no one attends. If any students in the school play classical orchestra instruments and are interested in a little extra cash, there is going to be a State NYA symphony orchestra in New Haven. It will give you excellent experience in orchestra work as well as a lot of fun. Contact the NYA office in New Haven.

For you collectors of good classical records the new store on Fairfield Avenue where master works can be bought for less than two dollars is now open.

For you who like swing, a few good releases are: "Dixie Land Interlude"—Jimmy Dorsey (beautiful modulations); "Riff Interlude"—Ozzie Nelson; "When the Mush Begins to Rush down Father's Vest"—Shep Fields; "Willie, Willie, Will Ya?"—Vincent Lopez; and "Leapin' at the Lincoln"—Barnet.

Well, that about winds up our little chat for today! Oh, yes, weather report: Ceiling over New York—10,000 feet, ceiling over Bridgeport—5,000 feet, ceiling over editorial room—plastered!

## Among Our Authors

### THE TARN

Harriet Ledger

One day in November, two men set out to climb a certain mountain. Cold it was, and the air was heavy with the moisture of a score of sunless days. There was no trail up this side of the mountain, the ground was rough with rocks and the roots of old trees, the ascent was broken into minor dips and rises at first then straightened out to a steep slope; briars and tough dried vines clutched at the legs and feet of the two men who toiled up, one a little behind the other. The foremost, a large bulk of a man, evidently was a woodsman, for his step was sure and silent, and he knew his way through the leafless trees. His companion, of slightly less than medium height, stumbled after him, frequently tripping over the protruding roots, his steps sounding noiselessly through the windless air.

His lips moved in silent curses when he tripped, and his anathemas included his guide. Both men bore heavy sacks upon their shoulders, and that which the large man was carrying had a darkish brown stain on one side. The clothes of each were vile with the accumulations of filth, and the jacket of the second had a stain similar to that on the other's bag. Their faces were dark and evil with the week's unkempt growths of beard. They turned and twisted through the trees, the larger always slightly ahead. Finally the top of the mountain was reached, a deceptive top, in itself part hollow and hills. The going was now a little easier and, after an hour, they reached a natural clearing in the woods. Before them lay a tarn, fathomless and dark, holding on its motionless surface the reflections of trees and skies.

As wordlessly as they had come, the two set about their work. They placed the sacks upon the ground and then, together, each at an end raised the sack with the red-brown stain, swung it two or three times to gain momentum, threw it far into the middle of the mere. A muffled splash, the water rippled once, and the thing in the bag was no more. Still without words, they turned to the remaining sack, which the larger man hoisted to his shoulder and carried toward a great dead pine. In the meanwhile the second took a shovel and pickaxe from the brush to which the first had directed him and brought them to the tree. They took turn at the pickaxe, for the ground was hard; and then they dug, turn and turn about, until they had a large hole in the ground before the tree. Finally the larger man placed the sack within, and the two covered it over carefully with the dirt, smoothing away all signs of disturbance.

They turned back the way they had come and skirted the water's edge. The smaller pointed silently into the tarn, touching his companion, who leaned far forward to see. The other then took the pickaxe he had been carrying and buried the point in the other's head. He fell forward with a slight gurgle into the lake; a faint stain of red appeared on the surface and soon vanished.

The little man now carefully wiped off the point and concealed the tools in the same place whence he had taken them. Snow began to fall, lightly at first, and then faster and faster. The man cursed again, as silently as before; and hurried back along the trail he had made on the way up, but the snow now lay in a thin blanket on the ground and his little marks were fast disappearing. He quickened his pace to a run and then slowed down.

There was no use in getting panicky. All that was necessary was to be calm. He could remember the way the trees had been growing when they had changed their course during the ascent. But now nothing was the same—the snow and the direction he was going had changed that and he knew himself to be lost. He kept on and seemed to be going down the mountainside in a tortuous manner, far different from going up. The snow was deepening rapidly when he came upon places which looked familiar to him. Coolness had paid, he thought. But what was that body of water? He hurried forward. It was the tarn.

### CHRISTMAS RUSH

Barbara Rodrigues

Why do studes their studies hate?  
Why can no one concentrate?  
Why are we madly rushing around?  
Christmas is coming, I'll be bound.  
We've work to finish and themes to write,  
For tests we study half the night.  
We fuss, we fume, we laugh, we cry,  
Our spirits fall and then they fly.  
We watch the hours and count the days,  
And all we do is done in a haze.  
Our thoughts are here and there and back,  
We see old Santa and his pack.  
We've visions of dances and parties and thrills.  
Oodles of presents, and oodles of bills.  
We've mem'ries of many a Christmas token,  
Of old resolutions that finally were broken.  
That's why, dear Profs, tho we try to please,  
We never seem to get those B's.  
So we hope you'll forgive us, and wish us all, cheer  
For the merriest Christmas and Happiest New Year.

### ACADEMIC FREEDOM

Man is constantly striving to better himself. He has invented ingenious devices, has constructed great edifices, and has built great cities. He has devised complex systems of mathematics and has delved into the mysteries of nature. He has expounded many philosophies, developed diverse arts, among them the language through which he communicates his thoughts and feelings and ideas. Through the ages man has attempted to understand his universe. Despite all that, he still has only an embryonic conception of what it is all about. He is still seeking the Truth. Because of this he has established, among other things, institutions of higher learning—universities and colleges. Their



function goes beyond training for the professions and the arts. They aim towards the advancement of knowledge in general and towards the acquisition of a glimpse of the ultimate truth.

Such institutions, therefore, to fulfill their aims, must maintain academic freedom, which academic freedom can mean only one thing: freedom of the experienced scholar to express the truth as he sees it, with immunity from the loss of position because of the expression of individual opinions. Academic freedom restricted to the policies of a university is not academic freedom. If a scholar cannot express the truth, whatever he believes it to be, without being subjected to administrative pressure, he is not enjoying academic freedom. On the other hand, this liberty does not permit him to trespass beyond the accepted limits of behavior and morality. In his search for the ultimate truth man must maintain academic freedom in his higher institutions of learning.

We consider democracy to be on a very high plane. With conditions within and from without threatening our democracy we appreciate that we must zealously guide it if we hope to retain it. Freedom of thought and of expression is the essence of democracy. Therefore it is more than ever essential that we maintain academic freedom in our universities. The second World War now being waged will undoubtedly have great and far-reaching economic and social effects. Economic, social, and political problems in our country exclusive of war are in themselves of immense importance and demand all the intelligence and courage we possess in facing and solving them. Democracy is facing its big test. Now is not the time to control academic freedom. A scholar who disagrees with the nation's foreign policy and expresses his views is not abusing academic freedom, but performing a function of democracy. The tendency today towards stronger centralization of government, is recognized as very marked. More and more powers are being delegated to our federal government, particularly the executive branch,—the executive branch which has entered into military alliances with nations at war on its own responsibility and then presented them to the public as accomplished facts, on which not even Congress expressed itself. Whether or not these powers and these acts are desirable is not being discussed here. But the fact that these vital subjects should be sincerely

## SNAPPY STYLES

By Sabrina Scribe

While these sage words are being written, Sabrina's ears are ringing with two things—influenza and the Kappa Kappa dance. The main clamor concerns the gowns to be worn by the fair sex for dancing and beguiling. In case you still haven't purchased yours, here are a few suggestions:

For something a bit unusual, how about a champagne rayon jersey dress, with the new high, round neckline? With this is worn a quaint bottle green velvet bell-hop jacket with long, tight sleeves and gold embroidery. Wear gold sandals and carry a gold evening purse. Although made-to-order for a redhead or a blonde, this outfit may be worn by almost anyone, with the aid of proper make-up. And this is not the time to be conservative on that score. And do use some rouge. This style also comes in white rayon jersey with a bright red velvet jacket.

## FREMONT HOUSE GIRLS

(Continued from page 1)

such attendants, being ill or having a toothache might have its compensations! Now here comes the businessman's joy, Alma Neiman, the perfect secretary, from Ashland, Pennsylvania. And last, but certainly not the least, is Phyllis Miller, who enjoys the distinction of having the longest ride home—Auburn, Maine, is her destination this weekend—and who isn't sure, yet, of her vocation but likes the Liberal Arts course (and what goes with it) pretty well.

Then if you want to hop on over to Number 52, you'll find some pretty snappy ex-Fremonters: flitting Jean de Noyelles, who's such a graceful fencer; precious Lol; Norma Leturmy and the giggles; Fannie Rockefeller—or did she live at 52 last year, too?; and Eleanor Honn (Schmultz to you!). And, then, there's everybody's Esther. (Next issue—the Brown House Mob).

studied and freely discussed must be evident. The universities represent one of the strongholds of free expression. Academic freedom must allow criticisms of economic and political policies as well as scientific findings, else it is not academic freedom. Academic freedom cannot be controlled without a loss of democratic principles.

In his quest for the Truth, in his desire to perpetuate Democracy which he places on so high a plane, man must support academic freedom, which in this country still remains comparatively free. Academic freedom can never be abused by the true scholar.

If you want to startle the crowd with something super-sophisticated, choose purple-ink velveteen. Very stunning with fair skin and dark hair. Choose one with the new wide straps (a blessing for those undernourished collarbones), and a heart-shaped neckline, scalloped. Watch the make-up with this one.

Are you having trouble with your beauty budget? Well, the manufacturer of some of the finest cosmetic products suggests a practical expenditure of the modest sum of three (3) cents a day! You can easily see that cheap cosmetics don't pay. How is this for a list of necessities for a year:—soap and water (as good as it was in Grandma's day); special pore cleanser (for oiliness, etc.); a pure face cream (this manufacturer's cream is the only one of all the popular brands containing valuable lanolin) in appreciable percentage); two (2) boxes of face powder (Winter and Summer); one (1) rouge, to harmonize with three (3) lipsticks; one (1) waterproof mascara (for parties); and one jar of cream for blemishes. Try it.

(To be continued)

## SPORTS NOTES

### TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Plans are being made for a table tennis tournament to be held after the Christmas vacation. Every student is invited to enter the tournament. If interested, get in touch with Andy Burger or Bill Grant. There will be singles and doubles for both men and women.

### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Millie Huber claims that basketball, under her leadership, will be a gigantic pushover with Kay O'Neil as potential center. The names of others in the lineup have not been given to the Scribe—yet!

### WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT?

Too bad the girls do not have more sports to keep them busy. Or, boys, perhaps it is too bad that there are not more like "fencing": evening, moonlight, goils,—and foils?

### CORRECTION!

At long last, the names of the girls' basket-and-volley-ball team: Irene Good, Martha Pollidore, Shirley Mills, Fannie Rockefeller, Anna Schrous, J. Grahame, Faye Waxman, and Vera Hyatt.

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